

# Vox Wesleyana

CLASS NUMBER

Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1920

No. 4

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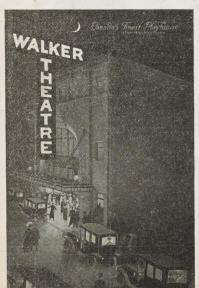
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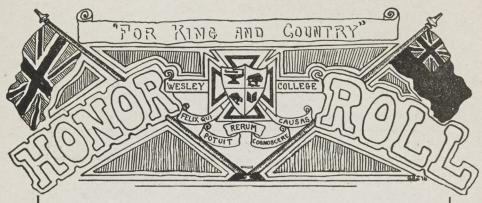
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-Gautier

While breathlessly men hasten forth
To tasks that all must share,
March, laughing despite wind and showers,
Spring's secrets doth prepare.

Now tucked to sleep the daisies white, And while they lie at rest, March launders each a collar, carves Gold buttons for each vest.

In orchard and in vineyard who
Can dress each head but he?
Who powders with a puff of down
Till rimed, the almond tree?

Nature herself is slumbering
Till she feels his embraces.
Then in her gown of velvet green
He rosebud buttons laces;

And all the while makes music gay
Which sets the blackbirds singing;
In meadows sows the snowdrops sweet;
In woods blue violets flinging.

Then, when his work is all complete, All spent his sovereignty, He, beckoning, turns t'wards April's door,— "Come in, sweet Spring," bids he.

-Translated by M.L.D.

#### CANADIAN TRIUMVIRATES

To fulfil our responsibility in Canadian nationhood to-day is by no means a simple and easy process. A revolution in a private life may come about by exalting the Sermon on the Mount and by setting one's self to realize its teachings as the one great quest of life. But the embodiment of those ideals in the statute-book and in the lives of even a majority of citizens is not so simple. Nor can it be dismissed as a program by blaming the Church because it has never been carried out.

The "New Canada" will be realized by Canadian statesmanship. Neither Foster's Conjunctions of Stars nor Russell's Dispensation of the Ages affects our reckoning. Our business is Statesmanship.

Now, this quality of life will need large brains. As statesmen we shall need roomy minds. A room in the East for the Dawn of Ideas throughout the regime and not only as election promises; a room to the South for the growth and maturing of a Harvest of Reforms, and not as a hothouse for cabbage-plants; a room to the North so that one can sense a storm and not be so sheltered on any Parliament Hill that the breezes of our intense movements have no effect; an upstairs for repose and dreams and star-gazing—politicians sleep, talk in their sleep and walk in their sleep and there's a difference; a cellar to cool off in once in a while—it's far better than a platform; and note, a room in the West where we can study sunsets, for politicians never recognize sunsets, especially their own.

Statesmanship, too, will possess the three great moral qualities of Hope, or vision of what is to be; Faith, or impulsive attachment to the Cause; Charity, or the giving of love and affection in prodigal fashion for the People.

Early Canadian history has a Triumvirate of such statesmen—not the finished product, but pioneers. Columbus had a vision of finding India; sailed into an unknown ocean for seventy days; with his criminals was greeted as the "Children of the Sun coming to visit earth." The Old World had met the New. Champlain with his spirit of adventure and his zeal to win the wild, untamed natives to Christianity, made light of the treacherous rapids, the lurking dangers of forests, the terrors of the Iroquois, and fostered early Canadian life and became known as the "Father of New France." Frontenac, with his remarkable ability for handling the natives; who fondled children, feasted squaws and gave gifts to men, smoked the pipe of peace and said to his enemies, "My word is full of peace and tenderness." Columbus, the man of Hope; Champlain, the man of Faith; Frontenac, the man of Charity.

Later Canadian history, too, has its Triumvirate of statesmen—not with the last word on statesmanship, it is true, but with

some advanced truths. Durham spent five months in Canada after the strife of years and reported a vision in a most famous document of a union of the Canadas, the removal of racial jealousies and an Executive Council responsible to Parliament. The usual salute was not given him when he landed home again. His proud spirit was grieved, his heart nearly broken. But his Hope lived on and was cherished in the heart of Sir John A. Macdonald for years. He, with his keen insight into character and British constitutions, never ceased to be the central figure of the Confederation. And this he piloted in spite of jealousies, deadlocks, indifference, apathy, bitter protests and insuperable obstacles. Faith became the "substance of things hoped for." And even though political and religious corns are trampled upon, we make the statement that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the man of Charity. His career was strongly marked by constant and forceful endeavor to weld closely together the two races. It cannot be challenged that he made strong effort to bring the French-Canadian people into sympathy with the English-speaking people. Sir Thos. White characterized his disposition as "winsome." freely gave himself to his country for forty years and had to be protected from actual poverty in the nation's service by the gifts of admirers including his home.

We have been burying the dead. The living—we mention no names—are particularly desirous of looking after themselves.

Burial later, but not with pomp.

But the men of Hope are somewhere—they of the immortal purpose to do battle against error, crime and greed, standing shoulder to shoulder against the powers of darkness, stooping to lift our fellows for the weal of the race, marching forward to emancipate mankind. Those visionaries are somewhere.

And the spirit of adventure and attachment to a Cause and Faith have not left us. It is easy to toil for reward but to toil for service takes a wonderful faith. The most intimate comradeship this world has ever known was found where there were hardship, danger and suffering. There, too, the unconquerable "con-

temptible little army" "carried on."

Politics is one long series of mines and forests alienated; speculation in land, commercial greed and coddling of the rich. Industry is, too, a series of grabbings of loans, banks, railways and manufactures; platforms are just as long a series of conflicting programs of regulation or laissez faire, individualism or collectivism, protection or free trade, competition or co-operation. What is needed is a large injection of the spirit of Charity to sweeten our Canadian life. And there are men of Charity, only this time they're women. Women have been given the franchise and they who love men back when the law gives them up as hopeless; they who are willing to go "down into the valley of the shadow of death" to bring forth life, are being depended upon to love us back into statesmanship.

In these modern days of reconstruction, we might as well admit that we have not been big enough to manage modern life.

Our own cities, our own institutions have turned round upon us like Frankenstein's monster. A man famous in the public life of the United States said to Dr. Kelman of Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church recently, that the remedy he proposed for the social conditions was an Emperor, and hastened to add, "Yes, an Emperor, and His name is Jesus Christ." This may be the day of His Empire if we Canadians prove ourselves worthy statesmen.

-Rusticus.

#### "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

To the wandering thespians on this globe Shakespeare's avowal must come as a direct effrontery to their art—a case of "veels vithin veels," as Sammy Weller would say. But it is not of wandering thespians I intend to deal, but of the men and women engaged in the drama of everyday life.

Perhaps the greatest impetus given to our dramatic powers in modern life is that indefinable something termed "the law of convention." We never dare to be our real selves, for if we did people would look askance at us and murmur,

"What an ill-mannered, outspoken creature that is!"

Consequently we go gaily on deceiving everyone, ourselves included. Times without number we accept an invitation quite as unwillingly given as it is unwillingly received. We maintain that we should be charmed to attend "so-and-so's" reception. When we leave our hostess breathes a sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven I don't have to entertain those people again for some time!" she exclaims.

While out of her hearing, wending our homeward way (and in this particular little comedy holding the stage alone), we whisper a soft aside to our favorite star:

"Thank heaven I don't have to go there again for some time!"
And yet we each professed to enjoy our little evening together, and promised to repeat the occasion in the near future. Our acting was perfect. No artist of the boards could better have simulated our well-feigned joy at meeting, our delicately counterfeited sorrow at parting. Assuredly convention imbues one with dramatic talent.

Again—our love of exaggeration betrays our histrionicism. Children are especially fond of this means of impressing their small playmates. Many grown-ups adopt this sophistry also. When we relate to our indulgent listeners tales of the fish we have caught or the bread that mother used to bake, we invariably heighten the effect with —er— local colour. Everyone of us numbers amongst his acquaintance one who has made most

money in the shortest time, grown vegetables on a cement block, or accomplished some equally thrilling performance. This acquaintance is to most of us a veritable conversational life-saver. In fact, were it not for him many of us would be forced to confine our efforts entirely to small-talk or what is technically called "slivers."

There are on this terrestrial stage of ours a few—a mere handful of people—who have no trace of affectation. But these luckless mortals are so decidedly in the minority that I shall ignore them and speak only of the great majority. First there is the class to which poets and musicians belong. They stalk the stage with eyes raised to the sublimity of the skies or cast upon the earth in flower-like modesty. They wear their hair in flowing locks to heighten this dramatic get-up. They even give forth mystic utterances when they must of necessity mingle with the other dwellers on this mundane sphere. In plain English they suffer severely from "soul." It is part of their business and is absolutely necessary because as we all know it pays to advertise.

Then, too, we have the man or woman who enjoys classics and who if asked concerning a question of current interest will respond:

"Yes, yes, you doubtless remember how Homer (or Vergil or Livy) expresses just that phase of the matter—'Ignoramus ishki-bibble excelsior!'"

Personally you have forgotten all the Homer (or Vergil or Livy) you ever knew, but would rather die than state your ignorance. Once more the omnipresent dramatic tendency!

Thus we live on day by day through life's little tragedies and comedies, always and forever striving to be something we never shall be. Nevertheless we often impress our less astute fellowactors of our apparent sincerity. It is this innate talent for the dramatic that keeps us above the monotony of mere animal existence. One is tempted to exclaim with Burns—

"Oh, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us To see oursels as others see us."

-M. L. D.

#### FROM MONKS HORTON TO CANTERBURY

A trip to Canterbury! What a change in the monotonous life of the Monks Horton Convalescent Camp! In our minds we blessed Lieut. Polding, the Y.M.C.A. officer, who was organizing the party.

An early reveille was necessary, for we had to walk to Lyminge, three miles away, and there take the early morning train, but for once the notes of the "Can't get 'em up" did not have a bad effect on our susceptible nerves. The sun had just disengaged itself from amongst the tree-tops and seemed to be resting awhile before commencing its day's journey when we set out. The morning was deliciously fresh and cool, a typical English spring morn, and we looked forward with pleasure to a refreshing walk.

To save time and energy, and to make the walk more pleasant, we took short-cuts, wherever possible, across the fields. In one place our path led us across a newly-seeded field, where the grain had just begun to sprout. This most certainly would not have been allowed in Canada. It is different here. The English hold fast to tradition, and it is an old custom that if a path is used for a certain number of years, no matter where it runs, it becomes the property of the wayfaring public.

We soon arrived at Lyminge, a small village nestling in the shelter of surrounding hills. Mr. Polding pointed out to us the church as being of special interest, but we were just in time for the train, and left the church for another day.

At first the scenery is nothing to boast of. The railroad track runs along a valley, and the enclosing hillsides cut off the view. We have left green fields behind, around Monks Horton, but here the hillside has been ploughed, and is black and bare, except for a few sparse trees. It is rather unusual to see such continuous ploughing in Kent, and it is not hard for a Canadian to imagine himself back in "God's country."

If, in my imagination, I am for a while travelling on the C.N.R., it is not for long. We are now passing a typical English farmhouse of red-colored brick, and close to it is one of the hop-fields, for which Kent is so well known.

During the second half of the journey the scenery changes. As we approach Bishopsbourne, a valley opens out to our left, and for a moment we see the undulations of two verdant hill-sides. Bishopsbourne is very near our destination. When we set out we only had a railroad journey of twelve miles before us, and it has not taken us long to cover that distance.

Canterbury is not a big place, but it is one of the oldest and most interesting of English towns. In the time of the Romans and the Anglo-Saxons it was the chief centre for trade between England and the Continent, and three roads that the Romans built from the coast converge here. They fortified the place, and in their days West Gate was the principal means of entry. These fortifications still stand, and one still enters the town by the means of West Gate.

After we have entered, the first object to excite our interest is Dane John. Dane John is a high conical barrow, and, obviously, is named after a Viking. The popular belief is that one of these invaders was buried there, but a similar barrow, in a different part of the town, has been entered, and nothing was discovered. Yet, I could not help loitering behind and imagining to

myself that I stood in the presence of one of the doughty race I had heard so much about in song and saga.

All relics, all things ancient, are to be found in Canterbury, and under the old city wall, a short distance from Dane John, rests in its old age Stephenson's first steam engine. I may not carry its picture clear in my memory, but I do not omit much if I describe it as a single cylinder with an odd length of pipe twisted around the body.

Our guide's next halt is at an old stone house. Mr. Guide is a practiced talker, and he tells well the story of this old stone house. When the Grey Friars came over to England, soon after 1200 A.D., the members of the Order were by their own laws forbidden to own property. Four from the first party stayed behind in Canterbury, while the rest journeyed on to London. When the people of Canterbury saw that the four intended to reside there permanently, they built this house. Nominally, it was leased to them, but as they paid no rent, it really was theirs. The ruling was thus evaded, and they were provided with a home.

The house long remained in the possession of the Order, but in the 16th century it was confiscated by Henry VIII, and for a while it was the property of the crown. Huguenot refugees were given shelter here, and later on it was used as a prison. It is in many respects suitable for such use, for the small stone chambers are like prison cells, but it has a very vulnerable point. It is built over water, the foundations resting on stone embankments that hem in the river here, and it often happens that men broke up through the floor, and carried their friends away in boats.

To come down to more recent times, Belgian refugees were housed here when the Great War broke out, but these confined cells are a very poor dwelling place, and as soon as decent quarters could be found for them, they were moved to another place. The house is at present unoccupied, "but will be turned into a museum when the war is over," said the guide, "and money is available for the purpose."

A short distance away is another old and very interesting house. It is built on a bridge that crosses the river. Archbishop Lanfranc lived here in his time, and later on Stephen Langton. After his death it was used for a pilgrims' hostel. The woman in charge was allowed to spend the munificent sum of fourpence on each pilgrim who stayed overnight. The sum does not seem large nowadays, but we must not forget that times have been different. In those days it was an offence, punishable by the law, to sell less than a dozen eggs for a penny. If I had been so absorbed in the contemplation of things ancient that I had offered the lady behind the counter in the corner grocery store one penny for a dozen eggs, she would courteously, perhaps, have wakened me from my sleep, and told me that eggs are nowadays sold for "two-and-six" a dozen, or thirty times as much.

Both these houses are in good repair, and when yet another

800 years have been added to history travellers are likely to find them standing.

All the English cathedrals I have seen are beautiful, and surely the Canterbury Cathedral is a masterpiece. This splendid building is five hundred feet long, and when one stands inside in the vast amount of space enclosed by its walls, one is acutely conscious of insignificance.

We were just in time to see the beautiful stained glass windows of the place, for they were being taken down that very day. This was on account of air-raid dangers, and after the war they will be put back in their places.

The oldest of the windows date back to the 13th century only, but the construction of the cathedral itself was begun in 1170.

Thomas a'Beckett is known to all who have read English history, and the first enquiry we make is: "Where was a'Beckett killed?" The place is marked by a stone slab, different in color from the floor. Here he fell when pierced by the weapons of the four knights.

Those who have been stationed at Shorncliffe will probably have seen Saltwood Castle. It is an old, old castle near Hythe. The knights rested there the night before, on their journey up.

In another part of the cathedral is a well where a'Beckett drew the holy water he had for his use. It has now the appearance of ordinary water, and has lost all its extraordinary powers.

From the cathedral we go to visit the ruins of St. Augustine's Abbey.

St. Augustine came to England in the year 597 A.D. to preach Christianity. He landed in Kent, and commenced his work. Bertha, wife of the King of Kent, was of the Christian faith, and received him well. He was granted a piece of land, and there he built an abbey. It is said that here was a seat of learning when Oxford was still a forest and Cambridge a wilderness.

The abbey was constantly being added to, and at one time it equalled the present cathedral in size, but now only ruins of its former greatness are visible.

"Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry."

Among the ruins of the north end there still stands an arch. It is the St. Pancras arch, and is the sole remaining part of an old church, which the Anglo-Saxons built of Roman bricks.

The story has it that it was originally built for a heathen temple, and that its use changed after the acceptance of Christianity. Here St. Augustine met "the old man himself," and put him to an ignominious flight.

Many can boast of a St. Pancras arch in their lives, but only a few have been so favored by the old gentleman that he has taken on his physical shape for an encounter with them.

The oldest building in one of the oldest towns of England is the St. Martin's Church. It dates back to between 300 and 400 A.D. "Before some of us saw the light of this world," remarked Lieut. Polding. It is made of stone and mortar, and is small. It has stood well the test of time, and during the last six hundred years a sermon is said to have been preached there without fail every Sunday. A wonderful record if Canterbury has had its share of disturbances during the period.

It is interesting to note a small aperture in the thick wall near the door. It is the "Lepers' Squint." Lepers had to be content with seeing the preacher and the ceremony through this aperture. I do not know if it was deemed sufficient for the salvation of their souls.

This was the last place we visited. The trip home it is unnecessary to describe. We were thoroughly tired, and that night we slept soundly. A good thing, too, for else we would have been wandering around in ancient buildings, hobnobbing with people dead and gone these last thousand years or so, and engaging in fierce midnight encounters under ruined arches. In the morning we will wake again to the twentieth century, never fear.

-W. Kristjanson.

#### THE ORIGINAL BLUEBEARD

From the days of Caesar until now, France has been the scene of many great and terrible battles. As a consequence, she has passed through many dreadful and doleful experiences.

Our story deals with the dark period of her history when the English king, Henry V, was attempting to conquer the kingdom of France for himself, that is, the first half of the 15th century.

It was the internal division and weakness of France at this time that made her so easy a prey to the ambitions of Henry V. The French nobles were divided into factions. All had retired to their own estates, and looked upon the surrounding land as their legal prey, the lives and honour of the peasantry being at their mercy. The barons were in a condition of absolute lawlessness and unrestraint. "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes," as was said of another leaderless country.

The Sire de Giac, for example, after giving his wife poison, compelled her to gallop fifteen miles in the saddle behind him until she died.

Another noble, Adolphe de Gueldre, dragged his father from his bed and compelled him to walk five miles naked, and then threw him down into a horrible dungeon to die. It is our purpose to tell the story of another such lawless noble, the Marshal de Retz, Baron of Laval.

Gilles de Retz was born about 1400, and early distinguished himself in fighting against the English. Subsequently he fought against them also at the siege of Orleans. For his brilliant services he was given his marshal's bâton.

Gilles de Retz had a manner which inspired confidence. He was of noble and handsome appearance, and was enormously rich. He was well educated and appreciated those who spoke Latin with elegance. He had a passion for the beautiful, for knowledge, manuscripts, music, drama and science, especially the occult sciences.

When he travelled, he took with him his valuable library, his two splendid organs, his chapel, and his military household. He was reckoned a religious and devout noble, his claims to devotion resting chiefly upon the fact that he had built a splendid chapel in which he maintained a choir of numerous choristers at his own expense. He always appeared followed by an orchestra and troops of white-robed choir-boys.

In such display he squandered his princely fortune. Then he turned his attention to making another one.

In the course of his studies he had not neglected the then popular study of alchemy. So he turned to it. Gold, it was said, could be made, and for that purpose he set up workshops at Tiffanges. Alchemists were summoned and wrought day and night with torches, incense, pentacles, and crucibles, but no gold appeared. Spurred on by threats, and fearing for their lives, they hinted at darker means. They suggested the assistance of magicians. Frantic in his quest, de Retz associated with himself a young Italian priest who promised to make him see "spirits from the vasty deep," or elsewhere. Together they invoked devils, under the names of Barron, Beelzebub, Satan and Belial, praying for "gold, knowledge and power," and promising in return anything and everything except their lives and souls. Thus did they attempt "to make the best of both worlds." Naturally enough, the demons made no reply to such one-sided offers. They adjured the demons to "speak up," strange to say, in the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Blessed Virgin, and of all the saints. The demons remained mute; nor were they moved by sacrifices of dove or kid.

Finally the demon called "Barron" made response: it appeared that what the demons required was human sacrifice.

About this time the western provinces of France became afflicted with a terrible scourge. A monster, it was whispered, a murderous beast, "bête d'extermination," was hiding in the dark recesses of the woods.

Children began to disappear; youths and maidens too, all young and tender human creatures. They vanished leaving no trace.

At first the bereaved parents lamented as over some natural

accident. Perhaps the little one had strayed from home, had fallen into the river, or had lost its way in the forest.

But whatever it was, the scourge spread. In the next village two children had vanished. In the next, again, four had disappeared.

Terror seized the people; the whole countryside was in an agony of fear and suspense.

Rumour spread far and wide, and finally the beast took shape as a human monster.

A little while and the monster was localized.

An old woman named La Meffraie in her wanderings about the fields and moorland of Brittany, approached little children of either sex who were keeping sheep or begging. She enticed them with flattering words and little presents to follow her, all the time keeping her face partly concealed. La Meffraie led these children as far as the castle of Gilles de Retz, and when once they had entered those portals, they were never seen again.

No actual complaint had ever been made while only the children of poor peasants, or those deserted by their parents, were thus decoyed away; but by degrees the same fate befell children from the towns.

The wife of a painter of Nantes had yielded her young brother to the emissaries of de Retz, who promised to make him a choirboy, but he was never seen again.

Then complaint was made against de Retz, and although he was a powerful noble, he was cited to appear before a high tribunal. Deeming himself too powerful for punishment, he boldly surrendered himself for trial. His accomplices, La Meffraie and others, did not attempt to shield him. Thereupon, de Retz ceased to deny the accusations, and bursting into tears, he made a full confession. So awful and horrible was the confession that the judges trembled and crossed themselves in fear.

Investigations were made and enormous heaps of burned and unburned bones of children were found in the castles he had occupied. Altogether 300 children had been killed by him.

Gilles de Retz was condemned to the stake, but out of consideration for his rank, he was strangled before the flames reached his body. Nor was his body consumed. "Certain noble ladies" came to the field outside Nantes, where the body lay upon the partially burned fagots, and piously buried the remains in the church of the Carmelites.

Soon after his death, he passed into the realm of legend, and under the title of Bluebeard he will live as long as there are children. Legend also gave him his seven wives, for he had but one.

His own name soon passed out of use. Even in the town of Nantes, the expiatory monument raised by his daughter Marie, was called "le monument de Barbe-Bleue."



Once more "Vox" is about to go to press and in the course of a few days will appear, the Class Number, for your perusal. Our next number will be the Convocation Number, the final one for this year. We hope to surpass both in size and quality any of the numbers of this volume, and while it will in many ways resemble previous Convocation numbers, we hope to embody one or two new features if possible and would ask that anyone who has any suggestions to offer which might help us, make them at once. If you have any pictures or snaps or anything at all which might be interesting to any large number of our readers we would greatly appreciate your bringing them to us, though we can't promise to print all.

It was once suggested that, in view of the fact that a U.M.S.U. Yearbook is being prepared, which, if the form of the final number of "Vox" were left unaltered, might result in the duplication of a small amount of material, the form of our Convocation number should be changed, but after not a little consideration it was decided to continue with our usual final number since there might be some unfairness to any of our subscribers who might not also subscribe to the U.M.S.U. Yearbook. As a result "Vox" will publish its usual Convocation Number, but this need not deter anyone from supporting the U.M.S.U. Yearbook, for our Convocation Number will appear as a regular issue of "Vox" and the Yearbook, if it comes up to expectations, will be one of the best of its kind that has ever been published, and we feel sure that no student in after years will consider the money spent on a U.M.S.U. Yearbook except as one of his most fortunate expenditures.

Thus, while we ask every student to bring us any ideas which may prove helpful to us, we hope they will at the same time heartily support the U.M.S.U. Yearbook and help our Wesley representatives on that staff to compile a section which will take up Wesley's maximum allotment and be such as Wesley may be justly proud of.



#### DR. KINGSTON'S LECTURE

On Friday, February 6th, a number of Wesley students assembled in Convocation Hall to hear a lecture delivered by Dr. Kingston on "The Wonders of the Heavens."

The evening was successfully commenced by a short musical programme. Edith Nelson showed talent in a piano solo which was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Gibson, an outside student, favored us with two piano numbers. Miss Gable gave us an interesting side-light into the lives of ministers' sons in "The Preacher's Boy" and as an encore read "Little Brown Baby," an appealing selection in the negro dialect. Mona McLachlan and Ella Ramsay sang "Let the Rest of the World Go By" in a very pleasing manner.

Dr. Kingston then introduced his subject with a few humorous remarks.

The first slides were pictures of some of the great observatories on this continent which contain wonderful and awful instruments for viewing the heavens. We felt that, with the aid of these, astronomers could almost discern the form of Peter standing at the Golden Gate.

Dr. Kingston told us some interesting facts concerning the universe, of which the earth is so small a part. We learned of new moons and stars—and even suns, for the Milky Way is made up of millions of suns.

Moreover—hear all ye tender Matrics. and youths—there is no Man in the Moon! But you say you can see him laughing at you or weeping with you. Well, ask Dr. Kingston. The old moon is all covered with chicken-pox marks.

Our Irish great-grandfather would surely writhe in his grave if he heard of anyone being so foolish as to plant potatoes when the moon is waning, but nowadays there are careless people who are entirely independent of the moon in their planting operations, and the lecturer maintained that it made not a whit of difference!

We saw slides of the various constellations and learned how some of them gained their names. We saw the orbits of some of the various comets, and when we are one hundred and five years of age we expect to view Halley's comet again.

Altogether, the evening's programme was most interesting and instructive and we formed some idea of the immensity of the universe.

#### BOYS' LIT.

This stupendous and spectacular show was well advertised and on the evening of February 13th the Convocation Hall was packed. The gallery was occupied by enthusiastic youths who encored each number impartially.

The jazz band, under the able leadership of Prof. Bedford, delighted the audience with a skilful rendering of—well, what was the tune anyway?—and was followed by a chorus of the first sixty-nine verses of "The man who has some fine peanuts" (omitting the forty-third). The vocabulary of the able leader, Senor Runionski, was somewhat taxed, but he carried the chorus through with great aplomb. We see a great future for this budding artist.

We were then introduced to some of the dark doings of the underworld—showing a bold, bad burglar at work. We ask, "Who has been reading Bertha M. Clay lately?"

Atkinson, who accompanied all musical selections throughout the evening, now gave us a demonstration of different great masters under the influence of temperament.

Thorlakson showed his ability in the line of "electrocution" by giving us some selections by Robert W. Service.

A quartette composed of "cullud" gentlemen now rendered a number of selections in a soulful manner. The most impressive number was that well-known classic, "There's Only Room for One." The variations in the words were at times somewhat surprising.

The principal act of the evening now gained our interest. We had a peek into the inner workings of a Boys' Residence—the dust beneath the unmade beds, the rush for a mirror in the morning to get the odd shave, the interest shown in telephone lines. Moreover, we had hints of dark deeds that we never dreamed of.

Mr. Clark delivered us a sermon in the approved style, becoming so over-wrought at times that he broke into the native Gaelic. Wes. gave us a song from "Bing Boys."

The closing chorus was conducted by the Senor with great muscular activity and the musicians showed themselves to be young Paderewskis, Rachmaninoffs—and what-nots.

At the close of this delightful programme the Matrics. made merry with the eats, and the other students partook of a little nourishment at intervals.

After the good old Buka-Laka the crowd dispersed.

Heard after the 3rd Year Party: "How light she is—on my feet!"

## ON ITALIAN ART

On Friday, February 20th, the students of Wesley were given an opportunity to travel through the churches and cathedrals of Italy, to view the works of such world-famous artists as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and a score of others. Professor Stoughton of the Architectural Department of the University had kindly consented to favour Wesley with an illustrated lecture on "Italian Painting." The time-worn phrase "interesting and inspiring" is altogether too tame a one to use in this connection, for the Professor's talk abounded with instruction and education. Technical terms and names were done away with by the Professor so that all could appreciate his remarks, while the slides revealed the immensity of the work of the ancient artists as well as the beauty and grandeur of those old masterpieces. At the conclusion of his address, at the request of Dr. Allison, Professor Stoughton explained to the gathering the meaning of a few technical terms respecting painting which we find from day to day in our reading.

On motion of Vic. Riddle and Mr. Argue the thanks of the audience were extended to Professor Stoughton by Dr. Allison, the chairman for the evening.

Debating setiviti Debating activities since Christmas have consisted of two intercollegiate debates, three Arts interclass debates, and one matriculation debate. The first intercollegiate debate took place on February 5th against 'Varsity. Wesley supported the affirmative side of the resolution—"Resolved that the farmers were justified in organizing for federal political purposes." In spite of the many well-presented arguments of Mr. Alsaker and Miss Edwards the decision was awarded by a very close margin to the negative. On February 12th Wesley again went down to defeat before M. A. C. Wesley, represented by Mr. Watts and Mr. Clarke, upheld the affirmative side of the resolution—"Resolved that the United States was justified in refusing to ratify the

peace treaty and enter the League of Nations." Both sides presented many splendid arguments, but the decision was given in favour of the negative, which represented the more popular view.

In interclass debating Third Year defeated First Year, then Second Year defeated the Seniors and finally Second Year defeated Third Year, thus ending the debating series and winning the interclass debating championship.

Several matric debates were arranged but only two took place: one between Grade X and Grade XI, the former defending the affirmative side of the resolution—"Resolved that it is better to obey the conscience than the State." The decision was given unanimously in favour of the negative. The other debate was between Grades IX and XI, the decision being given to Grade XI who supported the negative of the resolution—"Resolved that life in the country is better than life in the city."

#### THE LADIES' LIT.

The Ladies' Lit. was even more extensively advertised than the Boys' Lit. A brilliant poster in the rotunda proclaimed to all and sundry that "She has awakened from her sleep."

The first item on the programme was "Illustrated News"—a la Wesley—respectively, "The Grub Pinchers," "Wesley Spirits," "A Love-Set," and "Saturday Night." After this excellent start-off the orchestra played a soft, soothing melody which worked the audience up to an appreciative pitch and all the world was turned to "Spring."

The operetta which followed had been composed by Marjorie Davis, who admirably interpreted the spirit of Springtime. The chorus of dainty, dashing damsels took the hearts of all by storm and many a young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of vaudeville. After the opening chorus, "Flowerland," Miss Springtime introduced the haughty Rose and the fond Dandelion. The lofty demeanor of the Rose was broken down by the passionate wooing of the Dandelion, and she consented to love him—for the benefit of the audience.

The next couple were two lovers from the kitchen-garden—Olly Onion and Letty Lettuce, who declared their lifelong attachment and swore everlasting hatred of salad plates.

The garden scene could not be complete without the man and the maid. The very flowers of the garden nodded their heads in approval as the young lovers professed undying devotion.

For the final chorus, "The Bluebird," the whole company was on the stage—flowers, vegetables, chorus girls, lovers and Miss Springtime.

In the interval Elma Sanderson rendered very pleasingly, "There's a Whisper in the Air."

The next number seemed to be strangely familiar. It savored of porch-climbing and dark lanterns and dark, dirty deeds, and preceding travelling troupes.

The hearty Scotch lassies took us back to the hills o' Scotlan' and the bonnie, bonnie heather, and fair made us greet for Auld Scotland. The Hawaiian dancer wove her way into our hearts with her fairy grace.

The travelling troupe seemed to have left a faint impression, for there was something about the next number which seemed to recall that performance. However, it was played fair, according to Hoyle.

The Cat Chorus concluded this successful programme.

The last part was not by any means the least, for it demonstrated to a suspicious-minded world that the college-bred maiden can whip up a cake as easily as she can cook up an essay. We even uphold her against the cynic, who maintains that it was mother's—not daughter's—cake.

At all events, the crowd were in genial humor and going-home time came all too soon.

Th—son: "Some ministers never could be of full service to the community until they got married."

Dr. St-rt: "I suppose that is your hope, Mr. Th-son?"

#### Heard at Braithwaite's

First Wit (reading a notice, "All Egg orders have gone up 5c."): "Getting strong, eh!"

Second Ditto: "R-r-r-otten." (Laughter follows.)

Third Ditto: "I don't see the 'yoke."

Fourth Ditto: "Nevertheless you cracked it."

#### The Wesley Senior Girls Combine Business and Pleasure

On Sunday, 29th of February, 1920, the Seniors held a Leap Year Party to Central Congregational Church. They enjoyed the pastor's discourse on "What Kind of a Mother will you Choose for your Child, Young Man?"

N.B.—It is reported that they were present on time. Father Chrismas says the world will end this month.

# RELIGIOUS

#### SHOULD WESLEY CEASE TO BE?

During the present college year we have heard a great deal of questioning in the halls, in the classrooms and over the dinnertable as to whether Wesley College should continue to teach any subjects other than theology, since the University in the city has now chairs in every other subject taught in our institution. That denominational colleges have been of great service to the Province in the past is conceded by all, for the time is quite within our own memory when the scope of the university here was so limited that there was no duplication of tuition.

This problem is a local one but it is bound up in the larger consideration of the place of the denominational college at the gateway of the state university, a question which is more than Canada-wide. We have a number of cases in point, sufficient from which to make a few observations. The whole question may be considered from three viewpoints: evaluations of, first, the influence of the denominational college on the university; second, the influence of the university on the denominational college, and third, the influence of the denominational college upon itself, i.e., the value of the institution to the individual student it trains.

The denominational college comes into being because a denomination of the Christian Church, standing for high ideals in life, decides that the youth of the country ought to be educated under the direction of an organization that embodies in its teaching those very ideals. Accepting the Church as the leading factor in the Christian life of the Province, it is wise that it should organize, build, equip and support a college that will inculcate in the students worthy aims and a high standard of living. college will have a declared purpose, that of giving to the student not only an education, but a particular kind of education, the chief aim of which will be the moulding of Christian character. A State university must necessarily be directed by the Department of Education in the Province, a department which is in turn controlled by the vote of the people. In this scheme there is no logical place of entry for any principles higher than those held by a majority of the people; the teacher is their servant. Ideals in aim and conduct find a place in such a school only as they come through the individual teacher, whose services have been secured not on account of the principles that govern his life, but on account of his teaching efficiency in the particular department with which he is connected. Now, if the denominational college is in affiliation with the university it has a representation on its administration and is moreover always present in a competitive capacity. Principles which have been made the first consideration in a college cannot be completely disregarded by any sister college or university, less still by an institution in collaboration with it. The university needs at its door the very thing for which the denominational college stands. The United States provides us with numerous instances of the State college which has become supremely mercenary because it is a government institution, whose aim, by direction of the majority of the people, is to give men mental equipment for success in business. many of these universities there is no college which avowedly regards education as involving the teaching of Christian principles as the sine qua non of genuine development. What the denominational college represents will have its effect upon the management of the university with which it is affiliated.

It is granted that denominational colleges must exist to provide for the tuition of theological students. It is argued, however, that these should be entirely separate and apart from the university as well as from the department of arts which is in many cases carried on in the same institution. Here we would like to point out the influence of the university on the denominational college. There is danger to the theological seminary, which isolates its students from every other class of student, that its men may not apply to their studies the standards that they would, in a college embracing both arts and theology, find used about them constantly by students of other departments. A constant intercourse with men aiming at a variety of professions prevents monastic narrowness in study or in the treatment of the problems of everyday life. Academic rivalries in scholarship as well as in intercollegiate social activities, which mingle theological with non-theological students, accentuates the selftesting and self-critical tendencies of the theological student preparing to meet a world of men. The ministry with its affiliated colleges is a world on a small scale—and an ideal world indeed, since the individuals of whom it is constituted have much in common and are measurably reasonable—and provides a foretaste of what the student will meet in the wider world beyond college days. For its own sake, then, the denominational college needs the university with its various faculties to keep the standards high.

Bound up in this point is the question of teaching Arts subjects in a denominational college. This is amply justified, in that able students have entered such colleges with other life-work in view but have eventually devoted their whole time to some distinctly Christian vocation, men whose lives have in after days proven of inestimable value to the world, largely through that

choice, a decision usually due to the personal influence of a favorite instructor. The path from Arts to Theology should be natural—one continuous study without any unusual adjustment between the courses. Every boy who enters a Christian college should come face to face with the problem of investing his life to the greatest advantage. The college ought to have the privilege of recruiting workers from every department of study. The ideal environment for this type of enlistment seems to be the college in which Arts and Theology are taught together.

In speaking of the influence of the denominational college upon its own students we do not wish to leave ourselves open to a charge of conceit or bigotry. But we do claim that the graduate of a denominational college is a more useful citizen than he would be had no special care been taken to make his education a building of Christian character. It is generally recognized that the acquisition of knowledge without any regard for characterbuilding may be detrimental rather than advantageous to a nation, and that, indeed, the most learned nation may be driven to the deepest humility because it has omitted the element that is more important than the collecting of facts and the development of mental calibre. It is often possible in hearing a public speaker, to judge correctly from what college he graduated on account of the type of thought he sets forth. What does this mean? It means that the stamp of the college is printed indelibly upon the mind of the individual; that a college may teach Latin and mathematics in such a way as to inlay into the souls of the students that characteristic bent of personality, the fostering of which is the purpose of the existence of the college. And the impression is so deep that the astute scholar, listening, will say, "He is a Chicago man"; "That sounds like Harvard," or "There is the Moody Institute." What does it mean that the graduates of a number of our Canadian denominational colleges are loyal to their Alma Mater? Is it merely that they would develop an enthusiastic allegiance to any college they chanced to attend? No. It is a firm belief in the efficiency of the life-training they receive there. Graduates of Victoria point with pride to their alumni occupying chief places of honor and service the world over as, indeed, do those of Queen's and McMaster. It is a significant fact that at the last meeting of the Wesley College Club, an organization of Wesley's Arts Alumni, the topic of this essay was discussed and eighty per cent. of those present at the meeting voted that Wesley continue as an Arts college. There must be some very strong negligent or counteracting influence, if the people of a denomination, sufficiently interested in the welfare of its youth that they provide funds for the construction and support of an institution dedicated to a purpose which is primarily religious, should completely fail of that very purpose.

Some arguments, too, are being introduced which have a merely local bearing, and even these are not independent of the general principle stated above, that a denominational college is justified in teaching Arts and theological work together, at the very gateway of the university because, in short, as we have tried to show, they need us, we need them and we need our type of institution; then why dispose of our Faculty of Arts, of our denominational college in affiliation? It is said that colleges dependent upon the support of voluntary offerings do not pay salaries sufficient to enable their teachers to take their attention from the problem of living, completely enough to permit concentration on the problems of life. Again, it is said that, in view of the fact that a denominational college reduplicates so much Government-paid work in the university, we are not justified in asking the people of any denomination to contribute as much as would be required to completely equip all of our departments. The replies to these would seem obvious. Of course, a salary should be paid to all instructors equal to that which they would receive in any other educational institution. The question of finance lies with the people and depends upon what cash-value they place upon the privilege of inculcating their own highest ideals in the growing generations and whether they are able to supply the machinery necessary to achieve their purpose.

Wesley has, we believe, been a stronghold of the West in the past and can still serve acceptably in the capacity of a denominational college. The people of Canada are asking more and more, not "Are our sons and daughters being educated?" but "How are they being educated?"

#### IT IS A MATCHLESS BROW, SO BROAD AND WHITE

(A Sonnet to Dr. Allison's Forehead.)

It is a matchless brow, so broad and white,
So full of peerless strength and majesty.
A brow which college students love to see;
A brow in which the sculptor might delight,
While artists gaze in rapture at the sight.
In that domain which wisdom holds in fee,
We read each day his ripe benignity,
Which sheds upon our path the needed light.
O brow! what vast intelligence is found
Behind thy alabaster; such great thought,
Such humour and such wit to us resound.
Though we forget what other Profs. have taught,
While we remain in earth's terrestrial round
Thou'lt be remembered though all else forgot.



The Sparling Hall girls entertained the lady graduates of Wesley, the lady members of the faculty and the wives of the professors at a banquet on Wednesday, February 11th. Over eighty people were present and although many have been away from Wesley halls for several years it is quite evident that the spirit of Wesley has still a grip upon them. After the banquet toasts were the order of the evening which were ably given and met with an equally apt response. A few musical items were rendered in which we were delighted in having Madame Murray sing to us and we enjoyed a piano solo from Miss Sykes. The entertainment served to foster a better acquaintanceship and to link up the alumni and undergrads. around the common bond—Wesley.

The Sparlingettes wish to thank Mrs. J. K. Sparling for the very pleasant evening provided for them at her home.

Stranger: "Who is this 'Doc.' I hear you raving about?"

Dark-eyed Freshette (proudly): "Why, the only 'Doc.' in the world."

Prof. Harvey: "I never was a patriotic Canadian until I visited Germany with three Americans."

Bashful Freshman (a few hours before the party): "I picked your name out of a hat."

Pat.: "Oh, I was afraid I had got lost in the lining."

Puzzled Wesley Student: "I never know how to take you."

Aspiring Sparlingette, eagerly: "Oh, take me as often as you can afford."

#### SCENES IN SPARLING HALL

#### ACT I.

Scene 1.—A maiden busily employed in removing a table into the adjoining room so that she might enjoy a quiet tête-a-tête "far from the madding crowd."

Scene 2.—The maiden disappears at a call from above just as two gentlemen are admitted into the drawing-room. The gentlemen, anxious to be of assistance, remove the table to its usual resting-place. Hearing voices they are filled with apprehension lest they might have taken the wrong course and seek the nearest refuge—behind the piano.

Scene 3.—A young man and lady chattering cosily on the couch. They are disturbed by a whispering sound which maiden thinks must be the steam in the pipes. They seek the cause, however, and are surprised to have two "Bills" come from behind the piano. Exclamations and explanations. Exit all.

#### ACT II.

Scene 1.—A young couple dressed for the street hold a quiet consultation over a box. The maiden disappears into the sitting-room returning from behind the piano without the box.

Scene 2.—A second young couple meet in the drawing-room. They part but the maiden remains, finally visiting the back of the piano. She finds the box and has its contents revealed to her. She finds them satisfactory. Retires.

Scene 3.—First young couple return. Maiden finds no box. Sadness and wailings.

Scene 4.—A meal at which the second maiden reveals her action of the previous night. Glarings vs. joy.

On Thursday, February 26th, leap year was celebrated in a party from Sparling Hall to the skating rink and toboggan slides. The girls took advantage of the opportunity which comes only once in four years with an aptitude which truly demands commendation. At 10.30 the couples (forty-two in all) returned to Sparling Hall. Music and contests, then "eats" were the finishing touches to a delightful evening.

Why does "Gilly" persist in calling Garry rather than Sherbrooke?

Oh say, Pat, those were delicious chocolates you left behind the piano. We sincerely hope the bottom layer was as good as the top one.

#### HOCKEY

Hockey has taken a prominent place in the girls' athletics this season. The first game against 'Varsity made the Wesley girls realize they must knuckle down to business. The return game was closely contested, but Wesley was able to show some splendid combination which decided the game in their favor. Mona McLachlan proved a star goal shot.

The first game with Aggies resulted in a rather easy victory for Wesley. The return game at the Arena, February 14th, was more closely contested but again Wesley came out on top. Ilo McHaffie played a winning game.

St. John's showed splendid rushing abilities, but the Wesley defence, Ada Banks and Marion Dent, saved the day, and the finished score again favored Wesley.

On February 21st a game was staged with Carman, in which, despite an altered line-up, Wesley was able to tie the game with the score 1—1.

#### BASKETBALL

Here, also, the Wesley girls showed themselves right "on the job," entering both senior and junior teams in the league. The first senior game with 'Varsity pointed towards Wesley carrying off the cup, but in later games with 'Varsity and Agriculture our girls lost out by a very small margin. The junior team gives promise of a splendid line-up next year.

Be it said to the honor of our Wesley basketball that three members of our team, Elin Anderson, Ada Banks and Ilo Mc-Haffie, were chosen for the U.M.S.U. game against Brandon. The wisdom of this choice was shown in the splendid game put up by the girls.

#### CURLING

The Wesley girls' rink, with Ilo McHaffie as skip, played a closely contested game against 'Varsity. The last end, and a splendid rock by Miss McHaffie, decided the game in Wesley's favor.

Dr. Riddell: "So you see-"

J. J. Stewart: "Just a minute, Doctor; I can help you out on that."

# Theology

Theologus, Who are We?

All are familiar with the estimates of Theologs. which have been passed by such life critics as George Eliot, H. G. Wells and R. L. Stevenson, such as "small ability with great ambition, superficial knowledge with small erudition, a middling morale with a high reputation for sanctity; with an empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations and the general thought of other educated sections of the community; and with not enough alchemy in his stomach to turn some of it into intense and enjoyable occupation."

To these some very recent comments have been added (and the reader will pardon the difference in literary style and language). Coade, though he denies it, reports an old woman as saying, "The preachers now-a-days can go down deeper, stay down longer and come up drier than ever before." J. J. Stewart brings back a glowing dramatic effect from the Pentecostal woman "Billy Sunday," who, on peeking through the doorway to witness what she thought to be a man in deep devotions, was horrified to find him before the looking-glass practising all the elocutionary gestures and facial expressions needful for an impression on his audience on the coming day. And then we heard of an enthusiastic fan during the summer months of Wesley College campus baseball shouting to the batter-up, "Knock it over the religious foundry, old man," and we know Creighton's Logic—the premise and conclusion we prefer to apply for ourselves. Lastly and most tenderly we have Evelyn and Myrtle J. who think us "Proposers."

Next time we meet our accusers we intend to "smile and speak first." Just now we leave all but one without further comment.

And that one is the remark re religious foundry. We accept all that is highest in that disclosure. It means for us, a vital connection with life, a place where modern life functions at its best, a job that meets contemporary demand. Interpretation is made thereof that it is the "work-bench and anvil" philosophy of life, the philosophy of toil, high thinking and plain living in contrast with the philosophy of selfish enjoyment of college halls, familiarly called—perhaps too familiarly—the "pig-trough philosophy of life."

The years have widened our horizons and like David of old, permitted to look through widening circles of countries, races,

industries, institutions, society and religion, we go back to tend sheep again but it will never be the same tending and they will never be the same sheep. We know now that "things were written not that we might believe, but that believing we might have life." The care of civilization is in our own souls. We dare believe it that "Whoever helps persons according to the ways of the kingdom of heaven is building the future world at its foundations." This kingdom is the Reality of life. Some day—and let us be done with "In the latter days, it shall come to pass"—every farm, railroad, store; every job and every profession are to come under the control of Christ—with this hope at least, as Bernard Shaw puts it, "He can't make a worse fizzle of it than has already been made."

Religious Education as it has existed is only partly adapted for the programme. As Dr. Coe says, "Our scholastic theology has been monarchical and externally authoritative." And what we need and what we have begun to study this year under Professor Hetherington is a Religious Education soon to be comprehensive enough to include the laws of bodies and minds and the processes of industrial, economic and political society. The day has passed when anyone can be a missionary anywhere, who is simply religious and interested in the heathen. It is a restatement of our faith when we say that that has been done for us this year, which the great interviewer, Mr. Stead, did for a worker in London when he said, "Tell me, Mr. Stead, I hear you're a great interviewer. How do you do it? Start on me." With stern face and flashing eyes, Stead turned and said suddenly, "What are you in London for?" which started a train of reflections most serious and searching.

Dr. Riddell, on criticisms of the Forward Movement:

"I have thrown away my hammer and have taken up a horn; you can't build anything with a hammer, but oh! my! with a horn!"

Kitchen's week-end at Sandridge:

"Before I finished preaching last Sunday, a horse broke loose and upset my sermon."

Hook to Morton, criticizing an address:

"Of course, those people wouldn't see it, but we who are thinkers, would."

Hook: "When I get out on a Circuit there will be something moving."

Cragg: "What?"
Hook: "I will."

## Music

#### THE STUDENT-MAID AND THE SINGER

(Parody on "King Bruce and the Spider")

A student-maid flung herself down in a lonely mood to think, And although she was a Wesleyite, her heart was beginning to sink;

She was trying to write an essay that would make her Prof.'s heart glad;

She had tried and tried and couldn't succeed, and so she became quite sad.

She flung herself down in low despair, as grieved as maid could be, And after awhile as she pondered there, "I'll give it all up," said she

Now, just at that moment a piano clanged, and its rattling jingle grew:

And the girl in the midst of her thinking stopped, for her thoughts had gone askew.

'Twas a long way up the keyboard and the tune was none too fine, And the girl at her studies wondered why music was called Divine.

It soon began to shriek and howl straight up with strong endeavor,

Then down it came, with a roar and a bawl, as near to the bottom as ever.

Up, up it ran; down, down it came, without the least restraint, Until her brain was in a whirl and she sat quite dizzy and faint. A violin rasped and joined the fray and travelled on still higher; They moaned and groaned and squealed and reeled, till her brain was all afire.

Again a new sound from below her weary brain confounded, A female voice, now fast, now slow, to ethereal regions bounded. "Sure," cried the maid, "that foolish girl will strive no more to climb,

When she toils so hard to reach high 'C' and falls short every time."

But up the singer went once more, ah me! 'tis an anxious minute; She's full an octave from her goal; oh, say, will she lose or win it? Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher she got,

And a bold little run at the very last pinch, gave her the note she sought.

"I'll say she got it," the maid cried out, "all honor to those who try,

The singer down there defied despair, she conquered and why shouldn't I?"

The student-maid then glued her mind upon the neglected tale; She tried once more, amidst the roar, and this time she did not fail.

Pay goodly heed all ye who sing, and likewise ye who write: If ye would win, keep a lifted chin, and show plenty of pep and fight:

Sit tight, sit tight, amid the din, with faith and courage dight, And to this dark world around you'll be a glowing beacon light.

—The Willeys.

#### THE MUSICALE

On the evening of February 24th a recital was given by the members of the Wesley College music faculty, under the direction of Professor Arnold Dann.

Professor Dann and Mr. J. Waterhouse opened the programme with Beethoven's "Sonata in C Minor." Mr. Waterhouse stands high in the estimation of musicians of this city. In both numbers his technique was magnificent.

In Meyerbeer's aria, "Robert, Toi Que J'Aime," Madame McAdam Murray's voice showed exceptional dramatic ability. Her encore piece, "Annie Laurie," won the hearts of her audience completely. The other numbers given by Madame Murray tended to strengthen our belief that there is nothing more wonderful than an appealing voice.

Miss Grace Sykes played in her usual charming manner. Chopin's "Ballade in G Minor" showed her keen artistic conception and exceptional technique.

Dr. J. H. Riddell spoke a few words on the aim of the Music Department.

Mrs. J. Waterhouse played the orchestral accompaniment to Professor Dann's number, "Concertstuch, op. 19," by Weber. His rendition was brilliant and sympathetic. Professor Dann has that pleasing manner which strengthens his hearers' belief that he is very much at home with his music.

The recital was a marked success and Wesley College has need to be proud of her artists.

Ethel: "O, girls! Did you hear Thelma singing 'Postum fo' yo' breakfast'?"

Chorus: "Well, what is it then?"

# Matrics.

Miss Johnson said: "There is only one Miss Winning in the room."

Cameron said: "Yes, but there is more than one winning miss."

## As we were saying—

IF:

Miss Johnson forgot her special French class, Mr. Gardner forgot to give Algebra homework, We got a half-holiday a week, Cummings did his homework, Mr. Green gave us nothing to do, Taylor grew up, Wilson missed the Orpheum, Salter didn't wear bow ties, Childerhose came in on time, Bertha didn't come to Wesley, Kirke brushed his hair, Shilson left the acid alone, Richardson kept quiet ten minutes, Gwen. didn't smile, Green didn't tell Cameron to keep off a horse's neck, Mr. Gardner didn't teach Latin for a week, Mr. Green didn't teach Matrics.,

Miss Johnson forgot to tell Russel to keep a front seat company-

Oh! what would the world come to?

#### WE WONDER:

What Elvira meant when she said, "I know where J.C. keeps his goat."

Why they still send to Africa for Ivory. Why Ethel D. smiles so sweetly at Bedford.

Why Lorne B. says, "I love every hair on her bureau."

If "Hutch" will find anything to do when he guits pulling shoelaces.

If Boggie Vopni, before term opened, drew up a schedule of excuses for morning periods missed.

We would suspect a great many people of brain-fever, but—.

The Phenomenal Day of the Month— Wilson was here for two periods. Childerhose was on time.

> Green (looking around the class): "Ain't nature wonderful?" Cameron (doing same): "Marvellous."

Pat.: "Remember the old town fire-brigade?" Shilson: "Yes, wasn't he a fine old man?"

Mrs. Shelford (discussing tenses during a grammatical period): "When the 'been' is put in, what does it (referring to the tense) become?"

Low voice at the rear: "Soup."

Miss Johnson (reading from Shakespeare): "'Who so firm, so constant that this coil would not affect his reason?" Mr. Russel, what is the meaning of 'coil'?"

Russel: "That thing the girls wear on the backs of their

heads."

The February History Exam.—

Question: "State the claims of Henry VII to the English

throne.'

Bearisto's answer: "Hank knocked Dick cucoo at Bosworth. He got hitched with Lizzie of York which tied the colored flowers. Thus Hank obtained possession of the dome-piece."

> Freshies' faults are many, Sophs. have only two— Everything they say, And everything they do.

#### SURPRISE

What time I spent delightful hours In blissful ease from straining powers The gods have limited in me To grasp at wisdom; and with thee, Forgetting all in thy arch smile, Light laugh, and innocent beguile-Ment, did sit unmindful of a slight Charm's exercisement and a light Web, fine-spun but stronger growing— I, on a sudden, all unknowing, Found myself fast in the dear web And bound close by the tender charm.

# Freshmen

#### DISCIPULI MIRABILES ANNI PRIMI

O Muse eternal, ease my labouring brain, Descend with ample blessings in thy train; Emit ethereal waves to pierce my mind, Disperse my halting verses on the wind. Mine is the task to sing of First Year Arts, To sound the praise of its component parts; Then guide me on my labyrinthine way, Breathe in my ear and I shall frame the lay.

Now first behold in majesty inane,
The frowning monarch of our great demesne;
"Doc." do we call him, that is but a name—
A rose, whate'er 'tis called, would smell the same.
But who is here? 'Tis Mona, we can guess,
By all the modern daring of her dress.
Yet not on us she practises her guile;
For juniors' bliss she cultivates her smile.
Next there is one, I need not tell you that
Her eyes are saucers and her name is Pat.;
That all the boys—here gently make a pause,
And I, in passing, will insert a clause—
That all the swains have by the nine gods sworn
They ne'er would leave Pat. Adamson forlorn.

Breathe softly now—I sing of dainty Dot, Our sweetest child with gentleness inwrought; To linger in the favor of her charms Were shelter from the bustling world's alarms. All you who ne'er a dizzy rapture felt, Come, sit across the aisle from Baby Belt: Her haunting beauty crowned by sweet sixteen. Her loveliness, her glance proclaim her queen. All you who, hopeless, pine for Anna Lee, To heaven may yield a last expiring plea. All you who wish for visionary gleams, Gaze at our Emmy, shroud yourself in dreams. Dear Mabel with her face behind the panes, With nodding smiles accumulates her gains; With eagerness her diligence applies, The light of some fierce mænad in her eyes. And Neva, Frances, Mary, Ellen, Ray, Deserve undying praises in my lay, And many more—I know you'll all agree, There is a treasure-trove in Twenty-Three.

O bear me softly, muse, to other themes, For here I falter, outlet none there seems. In vain I search for metaphors to suit,
Such matchless subjects leave all poets mute.
Then bear me on to fountain, Hippocrene,
That I may quaff its liquid depths serene,
And swiftly on imagination's tide,
To other realms on Pegasus I'll glide—
No farther—here 'mid manhood's lusty prime,
A moment hover: hearken to my rhyme.

Among these gallant knights, these many names. The amorous faction first attention claims. Sweet Venus ever holds them in her arms, Abandoned slaves to her enthralling charms. O Binns, O Armstrong, tell me not I'm rude, Forgive me if on secrets I intrude. Be patient now; not lurking far behind. Our little Jim and Cameron come to mind. O sturdy youths not bent on worldly gains, With mathematics cramming weary brains, How oft, perhaps with leaden-eyed despair, They burn the midnight volt and watch the bear. Our Denny next demands the epic line Ere yet its flowing accents meet decline. He has a voice that rolls with thundering tone, He has a heart which kindness calls her own. When Ragnar makes orations loud and clear To please Professor Cooke's attentive ear, We cannot help but marvel as we cry That more is found within than meets the eye. Our Noble sits with isolated smile, A youth but lately come from Albion's Isle— A brilliant mind that calls the world his own, Life's greatest truth to him is still unknown. Majestic Hoskins, he is nature's best; A generous heart reposes in his breast. Like Orpheus, Sakky never fails to please When striking Doric ragtime from the keys. O glorious John! all problems you can gauge, The intellectual Titan of the age. Forgive me if your praises feebly roll. My dearest friend, companion of my soul.

Full soon the muse will leave me mute and still, Ere I can sing of Briggs and Edward Hill; Of quiet Bob and happy, smiling Gair, And James—alas! I'm left in sad despair. The muse has fled and I in gloom complete, Hear but the dying echoes of her feet. Alone, alone! my visions all depart, A wistful yearning lingers in my heart; My fettered spirit struggles in its pain—Oh, tell me not my work has been in vain. Farewell, farewell! Let others judge of Thor, The pœan of our class will sound no more.

# Sophomores

Class '22 got away to a good start when they opened the "season" with a theatre party to the Dominion. Everyone agreed that it was a "fine show," and everyone was equally sure that "he and she" had no idea what it was all about. The evening was concluded with a merry social hour at Wesley, during which the several new members of the class were made to realize with what a jolly bunch they had cast their lot.

Field Day became the occasion for a real picnic, at which the class enjoyed, at the hands of the ladies, such good things as sandwiches, pickles—and chicken! Oh, boy! "Did you ever see chicken-bones lying round?"

A few evenings later the class were guests at the home of Miss Rutledge. Full advantage was taken of the opportunities which the country offered for outdoor frolics. As a class we wish to put on record our devout thankfulness at finding Vera and Marj. "restored" to us again.

At this juncture calamities intervened in swift succession: Exams., Results—and Leap Year! Not an unmixed evil, however, as Xmas came in the same packet.

Early in the 1920 Term the ladies exercised their Leap-Year privilege (?) by giving us a most exhilarating toboggan party. The weather-man, by mistake, sent us a 30-below temperature, but we have it on the authority of Graham that, "you never notice it!"

As '22s we are justifiably proud of the contribution of our class to the various activities of our college. In athletics "Butch" has represented us in a very able and versatile way and we are confident that he will keep up the good work. Among the girls no one has worked harder for victory than Ella. In social, literary, dramatic and other activities we also have talented representatives. We are glad to see Vera in the cast for the university play, "The Magistrate." Finally, we rejoice that the debating trophy comes our way.

The Sophomores are grateful for the reports and efforts of our delegates to the Des Moines S. V. Convention, as indeed we are for the splendid work of the delegation as a whole.

We miss the cheery smile of "Billy" Huddleston from our midst this term.

Our sympathy goes out to Elmenia and to those in her home, for the loss of her little sister.

Archie is back with us after a brief battle with "Flu." He thinks holidays like that are fierce!

### "SOPH.-STUFF"

## Things that don't get you anywhere:

Skipping 9 a.m. lectures.

Wearing one lens in your glasses.

Looking at the moon? ? ?

Falling in love in your Sophomore year.

Following in the footsteps of Seniors.

Asking for Sh. 3192.

Being out when John brings your laundry.

Reading junk like this!

Prof. Harvey: "Discuss this topic: 'Was Frederick really Great?'"

Ruth's notebook: "I'll say he is."

Why Jimpsy looks worried: Figuring out how 7 youths can take 13 maidens to a college function.

Prof. De Lury: "Amphibians have legs but no fins, and they lead a double life."

We imagine that clinches the argument for "The Descent of Man."

#### Pome

Oh! Sig. was a dashing young fella,

Decent burial will be given anyone daring to suggest a rhyme for this.

Luella: "Cromwell was deeply religious, but he smoked and danced."

That's our idea of a "deep 'un" too!

Prof. Kingston: "The planet Neptune was discovered in 1846. Astronomers are working night and day to discover another."

We protest! Are long-suffering students to be burdened with another planet for the mere gratification of a few ambitious scientists?

Some Theologs. aspire to a "starry crown." We know one who prefers to be adorned with "Myrtle."

Jimmy to Sophorette: "Have—er—have you an engagement on for this evening?"

Sophorette: "Did you say this evening, Mr. Dempsey? Yes, I have. Why?"

Jimmy (sighing): "Oh, I was just wondering." (Aside: "King Bruce tried seven times but six is enough for me.")

# Juniors

Sing a song of Third Year, A class right full of fun; Four girls and eight boys In year of Twenty-One. When our dear Professors Quiz us on our work, Veiled and witty answers Often cause much mirth.

Gilbert and Mac take science,
And mathematics Coade,
With Gordon star in classics,
They bear a worthy load;
And all the rest take history,
English or pol. econ.;
Oh, we are valiant Juniors—
The Class of Twenty-One.

"Oh! say, old top—you don't know who I'm going snowshoeing with on Monday night?"

"No, who?"

"Oh, really! Gee, I wonder if anybody will ask me. There goes the telephone—maybe it's my turn now—no? No luck yet. Say, who is Jeanette going with? You don't say so! Oh, there goes the bell for lectures. Hurry up, or we'll be late."

The above, quite a typical conversation, took place on Friday in Sparling Hall. On Monday evening eight stately juniors, five giddy sophs. and one freshette might have been seen serpentining their way joyously between the stately groves on either side of Kingston Road. A gloriously silver moon seemed to beckon them on, only to disappear when the river was reached. Sliding down the bank, holding on to nothing, was great fun, in spite of the fact that there was great opportunity for stumbling over numerous snowflakes. No casualties were reported, although Gordon apparently received a bad scare when he saw one long, lanky shadow and one rather broader one rapidly pursuing him. Was it physical weakness or a guilty conscience that made him throw up his hands with a "What have I done now?"

We wondered if Coade could manipulate a pair of snowshoes as well as a three-seated toboggan, but he evidently got along better than some others who should have known better. Indeed, four of the party wandered almost too far down the river. Finally, however, all landed up at the Cabbage Patch, where a sumptuous feast of ham sandwiches, excellent coffee and delicious cakes awaited the hungry crowd. Mrs. Wiggs surely had a soft spot in her heart for Andy and — for she brought us extra coffee and cakes. Between mouthfuls the natives were regaled with college songs and yells. After lunch we spent a very pleasant hour in the parlor and at about eleven-thirty started for home, arriving safely after a riotous ride on the car just in time to avoid being late. Another good time? We'll say so!

## A Maiden's Soliloquy

Is this a party which I see before me,
The invitation in my hand?—Come, let me accept thee.
I should not go, for essays call me still.
Art thou not, fatal temptor, sensible
To Mary as to Clara? or art thou but
Reward for finished work? Haste! haste!
My brain, this essay must be done.

9.05 a.m. Mr. Cooke: "Where is Mr. Stewart this morning?" Andy: "I saw him going out for breakfast a few minutes ago." 9.30 a.m. Enter "our Willie."

Mr. Stewart: "Oh! this is where we meet this morning."

Mr. Cooke: "I hope you are feeling quite refreshed, Mr. Stewart?"

Mr. Stewart: "Quite so, thank you."

Prof. Harvey: "John Stuart Mill was an agnostic—that is, one who 'doesn't know,' and after all, Miss Hazelwood, did you ever know an educated person who did 'know'?"

Myrtle (after deep thought): "I've seen some who thought

they knew."

Mary's greatest disappointment—to arrive too soon.

Query: When did it happen?

She arrived at 8.30 for a 7.45 appointment and wasn't the last.

Scene, zoology lab., Gilbert working over a frog. Medical Girl: "May I have your heart?" Gilbert: "Oh!—This is so sudden."

Query: When shall we see Bill Stewart with a Third Year girl?
. . . . Never!!!

In physics theatre—

Prof. A——: "There is no secrecy in wireless unless you have a little Co(a) de which cannot be understood."

# Seniors

With our number augmented by the return of the boys from overseas, the '20 Class entered with a zest into all phases of college activities. It must be admitted that the old originals of the class had a few qualms with regard to the arrival of so many new members into our class—at the beginning of the term. We had fears lest their presence might in some way thwart our class spirit which we had justly boasted of. But our fears were soon set to rest, for a better bunch of fellows could not possibly have come into our class. Instead of thwarting our class spirit, they added to it and as ever the '20 class remains extant, "the pride and envy of them all."

The first event of interest in which our class showed supremacy was in the Wesley track meet. Although all the events of the meet were not carried out, in those which were the Seniors won out by a fairly large margin. Our champion in this respect was Carl Halstead, who afterwards won fame for himself in the intercollegiate track meet. Following hard upon track came football, in which the '20 Class was ably represented on both the Senior and Junior teams. Statistics show that 4/11 of the Senior team were "Seniors" and that out of eleven players on the Junior

teams the '20 Class had two representatives.

Then how about basketball and hockey? Well, the Seniors are there in both cases. In the former we have two representatives on the intercollegiate team and are able to furnish all the spares necessary. What would a Wesley basketball team be without Art. and his black eye, or could you imagine a game taking place without Dwight checking a man twice as big as himself? So much for basketball. Now as to hockey. Well, you have to admit we've got a good centre, and Vic. as sub. is always there when it comes to a pinch.

Of course, there's always curling. The Twenties have displayed a great interest in the grand old game—so much so, in fact, that they are sometimes apt to indulge in a little game in the middle of Portage Ave. (much to the disgust of the traffic). Not only our boys but also our girls have become expert curlers. Who won out in the intercollegiate curling? Why, Ilo's rink, of

course, with Ada, placing perfect rocks, shooting third.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, we can truly be envied with regard to our girls. No matter what branch of college activity it may be our girls are always to the forefront in it. In basketball, especially, are we well represented, having four out of six members on the team. In the girls' hockey-team, too, although the percentage of Twenties is smaller, yet we have two very effective players, and with their able assistance Wesley looks forward to obtaining the intercollegiate trophy.

Not only in sports but also in social events do our class take the greatest interest. At every social function the Seniors invariably turn out in force and are always on hand to provide entertainment. Moreover, they also take a keen interest in dramatics and in every college play have we always been well represented.

It has been stated that the years spent in college are the happiest of life. I'm sure every member of our class will testify as to the veracity of this statement. As we look back over our almost completed course, we begin to realize what Wesley has meant to us and it is with a feeling akin to sadness that we realize we are venturing into the last phase of our college days.

#### **BON-FIRE**

In the soft twilight glow of memories the rich golden delight which pervaded the "picnic bonfire" will provide a wonderfully happy dream of the past.

The bonfire party was the first party of the Twenties in their Senior year. Here was the opportunity to welcome the returned boys and make them feel perfectly "at home" and widen the circle of good comradeship that they might also be included.

A more delightful fall evening could not have been chosen. On the banks of the Red River, free from the haunts of man, a merry crowd gathered dry wood, and in a short time a roaring bonfire lightened the prevailing gloom of the falling dusk.

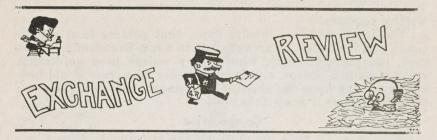
The necessary frying-pan had not been forgotten and sausages were fried and fizzled under Carl's deft handling. Under the canopy of the glorious heavens, in the deepening twilight. sausages, sandwiches and cake were ravenously enjoyed. (Harold Rivers can testify as to the quality and quantity of the tasty sausage.) Marshmallows were toasted on the end of a whittled twig. Such a meal would arouse the envy of the gods themselves.

Hunger satisfied, a merry group encircled the bright, glowing flames and we sang and harmonied and harmonied and sang. Free and unrestrained the music wafted aloft. The angels must have stooped to listen.

A violet mist of genial happiness permeated and the kindly moon shed its silvery beams through the interlacing branches of the trees.

The embers were burning low; we were loath to break the spell of romance and charm and could have wished the joy of the moment to have been prolonged into eternity, when suddenly two stalwart forms rudely rushed in and roughly recalled us back to the mundane world by peremptorily ordering the fire to be put out.

We arose, and around the last flickerings of the once roaring bonfire sang, "When you come to the end of a perfect day." Even the cops were hushed.



"Memorial" numbers appear in vogue. Three have been received by "Vox" up to date: "The Managra," "Brandon College Quill" and "The Sheaf" of Saskatoon. Each have devoted one issue to the sacred memory of the college men who fell on Flanders' fields or Vimy Ridge. The "Managra" is exceptionally fine, and appealing to all ex-196th Battalion boys. The issue contains the names and photographs of the old Agricultural College boys who:—

"Had so much to lose; their radiant laughter Shook my old walls—how short a time ago! I hold the echo of their songs hereafter Among the precious things I used to know.

"They who had all gave all. Their half-writ story Lies in the empty halls they knew so well; But they, the Knights of God, shall see His Glory And find the Grail even in the fire of Hell."

(Mildred Huxley.)

How appropriate these verses apply to "Wesley's" fallen men! Those who knew them realize the truth of "their half-writ story." In honoring those who made the sacrifice in other colleges we would not forget our own boys—Reedman, Rose, Griffith, Crummy and the others whose names appear on the Honor Roll.

"Managra" deals fully with every branch of the service in which an "Aggie" took part. An old "Wesley" boy is represented when Capt. F. B. Barager, R.A.F., details experiences and activities of the Flying Corps. It was "some fight" in which Fred participated a few thousand feet above "terra firma." Another airman's record is described by Lieut. E. A. Blake ('17 Class, M.A.C.), who flew from London to Cairo. It took—including stopovers—twenty-one days, but as the airmen only flew 37 hours the distance of 2,800 was actually covered in that time. It is, however, impossible to deal with every article which appears in the "Managra." All that can be said is that "each fills a little need all its own." The staff are to be congratulated.

"The Quill" is not so fully devoted to khaki life as the previously discussed magazine, but the staff are certainly pushing the Memorial Gymnasium. Such an idea deserves every backing. How much more serviceable to erect a memorial of that type, so useful and permanent, than the ordinary tablet in a church or hall! Of course, it is more expensive, but "Vox" trusts that the

"City of Wheat" college will have every success in its praiseworthy venture.

The issue contains, chiefly, items that possess local significance, and the fullest meaning is lost to a non-Brandonite. However, one poem there is, which every college in a university, every class in a college, and every member of a class would benefit by musing upon the philosophy contained therein. The poem is unsigned, but it reads thus:—

### Co-operation

"It ain't the guns nor the armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.

"It ain't the individuals,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work
Of every bloomin' soul."

It might be too late to secure the spirit of the poem for our present academic year. Everybody could aim for 1920-21.

November issue of the "Sheaf" is the third memorial number to hand. The first article one notices is "A Student in Arms." It would be presumptuous to outline Donald Hankey's book for one hardly expects to find any university man, or woman, interested in the student-soldiers, who has not revelled in the story and language of this book. It deals with the psychological problems of the army. The article in the "Quill" ably reviews a book which appeals to all hearts.

Another contributor was with the British Forces in the East African Campaign. The writer calls his article "Random Jottings of the East African Campaign." Most wish, to a relative extent, to forget the war—this is a brief sketch of a barely-known campaign which most of us could read for general edification. The same can be as truly said concerning an article upon the activities of the British Mesopotamian expeditionary force. By the varied essays in the "Sheaf" one cannot help but think that there must have been representatives with nearly every unit of the Allied forces. Fortunately Manitoba can say the same.

Although the undermentioned incident was recorded in the "Gateway"—Alberta University's newsy weekly—it could have local significance:—

#### Newton: A Vindication

The young man stayed too late at the co-educational institution, And was not as prompt nor as polite as he should have been When the chaperon courteously requested him to leave. (How could he know the chaperon was a physical instructress?) He went into a spinning nose-dive from the top step And crashed on the sidewalk out in front. Newton's Third Law still held good: i.e., A body tends to remain in a state of rest Unless it is acted upon by an impressed force.



#### HOCKEY

The Intercollegiate Junior Hockey schedule is almost complete, and with only one protested game with 'Varsity to replay the Wesley team finds itself credited with 2 defeats and 3 wins. How these defeats happened and why we won is given in brief below.

After playing the 'Varsity "Senior" team to a tie, the Wesley Juniors next met the Pharmacy boys in a great game. The play was fast, close and exciting, with Pharmacy leading by 1—0 at the end of the second period. In the third period Salter made a nice rush and tied the score for Wesley so that ten minutes' overtime play was necessary. In the second period of the overtime Vopni passed to Davis for a nice goal and Wesley won the game 2—1. This was one of the best exhibitions of hockey in the Junior Series.

In the next game against the Engineers the Wesley team won by a comfortable margin: 7—1, but the brand of hockey was much slower and poorer than in previous games. There was a painful lack of combination and back-checking apparent in both teams

A postponed game with Agriculture was the next item on the programme. Neither team wishes much said about that exhibition. The ice was visible only in a few spots, the bumps on the ice interfered with the play, and combination was next to impossible as the snow was falling from the roof of the rink in great quantities, thereby stopping the puck. Neither team played hockey, but in the rough and tumble "shinny" match Aggies scored 3 times to Wesley's 2 and we lost.

In the game against St. John's the better team won, if we judge by the brand of playing exhibited on that occasion, but the score of 4—0 hardly represents the play. Wesley had as much of the game as did the Saints but were not nearly so effective around goal and lacked the combination. The St. John's goalie

was responsible for a great deal of the success that day. The Wesley boys worked very hard during the last period of play and should have had several goals; the chief trouble was that they started too late.

In the game against the Medical Juniors our team showed its real worth and played a fine game. The Meds. had followed the example set by their splendid Senior team and had not tasted defeat all season. They had only to defeat the Wesley team to make sure of the championship cup. But alas for their fond hopes and over-confidence! They ran up against a rock and were forced to take the small end of a 5—2 score. The Wesley boys worked as they had not worked in any other game—their three-man defence, back-checking and rushing proved too much for the Meds. In all fairness it must be stated that the Med. forward line was not working well and passed up many beautiful combination plays, but on the showing of that day the better team won. It looks now as though Meds. and St. John's will have to play-off for the honors. Good luck to them both!

In reviewing the season's games we do not see where we could have done better. We still think that our team is as good as any team in the league when they are playing in form. Unfortunately, at times our fellows were too slow in the opening periods of the game and were defeated in the early stages; the last period always found the boys working hard and well, but on two occasions this was too late.

We will not discuss the individual members of the team, but in passing will just say that we thank each player for doing his best, and to those who will be playing again next year we wish the very best of good luck.

—J. E. R. '19.

## CURLING

"Affairs of greatest importance to be given most prominent place" is, I believe, a fundamental rule of composition. Therefore, first of all, heartiest congratulations are to be extended to Misses McHaffie, McLachlan, Banks, Peters and Sommerville for winning the Girls' Intercollegiate Curling Trophy. These fair Wesley curlers, by nosing out a one-point lead and a six-point lead over two Arts' aggregations, won the much-coveted cup.

Though not having as yet equalled the standard of the girls in winning a cup, the boys are making a creditable showing. Having been defeated by Medicals they can no longer aspire to anything higher than second place in the Intercollegiate Series. But Ridd, Pigott, Elliott and George are in on the finals of the knock-out competition and are determined to keep up the good work which the girls have started.

The Wesley boys who composed one rink of the U.M.S.U. team in the Winnipeg Bonspiel made a very creditable showing by sticking in to within one game of the silverware and finally suffering defeat by a small margin at the hands of the champion rink of the 'spiel.

Interclass curling, though interrupted by the bonspiel, is again getting into sway. Many and varied are the scores, but the games are more than interesting.

#### BASKETBALL .

Who says basketball is a minor sport? Those who have been following up the Intercollegiate Series this year would be quite unanimous in their verdict that equality of teams and speed of playing basketball is fully the equal of football, track or hockey. No one would dare venture his fortune on the success of any one team, and usually it would be a toss-up for which would win till the final whistle blew.

The Red and Blue aggregation have by no means been an exception to the rule. We feel confident we are not the poorest team in the league and perhaps we will be the best (as long as there is life there is hope).

## Wesley vs. St. John's

In our first encounter we crossed arms with the Saints. The game proved rather one-sided, but St. John's have a young, energetic and hard-working crew that with a little more experience will no doubt be able to show the other colleges a few of the fine points of the game.

## Wesley vs. M. A. C.

The M. A. C. next strove to worst us, and came well nigh satisfying their ambitious desires. A strong, close-checking team are formidable opponents at any time, but by consistent plugging at the basket we were able to maintain the lead, though the play was about equal. The score stood 21—14 when the game was called, with eight minutes yet to be played. This afforded us a real pleasure. The M. A. C. boys invited us to go out there to play the eight minutes and then a practice game. As said so done. The final score 25—21 with the Reds on top. The fun not all over—no chance! "Dinner will now be served in the diner," and—well, better not be said, but those who know a city student will well imagine that full justice would be done a country dinner where there is real milk and that with some real cream on the top of it. "Doc." says he downed four glasses of it. Art. said, "These girls out here get my eye." Would it be safe for us to go again?

### Wesley vs. Arts

The game against Arts was featured by close checking and hard work. Neither side were able to break away or get any team-work, but there was plenty of good individual play. Final score 17—15 for the Reds. Toward the end of the game excitement ran high. The scorer called out, "Arts one up—three minutes to play."

Wesley vs. Engineers

Engineers were the next contenders who sought to stop our winning streak, but their efforts fell as those who went before them. The game, perhaps, was loose in spots, but the score, 20—19, tells about the way the play went.

### Wesley vs. Law

To the Lawyers goes the honor of humbling the mighty, when they forced our boys to take second place by the score of 21—13. Wesley had the big end of play, but somehow the ball wouldn't roll into the basket. Law boys had style and team-work, and are a dangerous team for anyone to meet.

#### LOVE'S BLOSSOM

Down from the mystic silences above,
Borne on the restless pinions of the air,
A fragrant blossom of the purest love,
You kissed my cheek and lingered gently there.
When, tempest-tossed upon the stormy deep,
My anguished soul was struggling with its fears,
You softly lulled the troubled cares to sleep,
And vistæd splendor glowed in future years.
O heart as pure as is the virgin snow
That lightly kisses the frost-stricken earth,
Pedantic verses can but little show;
Their greatest ardour is but meanest dearth;
For when I turn from thee, all else is pain;
I grasp at sullen emptiness in vain.
—E. J. Thorlakson.

### Overheard at the Telephone

Voice 1: "Miss A., may I have the pleasure of your company at a class party to-night?"

Frances: "Delighted. Who is speaking?"

Dr. Allison: "Now let's suppose Armstrong wrote some poetry."



In the new Manitoba University hockey team, playing in the Western Inter-University Hockey League, two of Wesley's grad uates hold places—W. Brock Henry '14 and Ed. Cunningham '15. The Manitoba coach was also one of Wesley star players—"Bert" Andrews of the 1910 Class. Moreover, Dr. J. Halpenny '94, a strong supporter of amateur sport, and one who has done much to encourage the new League, has offered a cup for annual competition. This trophy will be of special design emblematic of the West and will compare very favorably with the famous Allen Cup.

"Herb." Jackson '16 is acting as dramatic coach and critic for the undergraduates who are putting on shortly the play en-

titled "Sweet Lavender."

Douglas C. Philip '10, after his overseas service, has taken up

the practice of law again in Regina.

Baldur Olson '10 has returned to the city and is now practising medicine with the firm of Bjornson, Brandson & McKinnon.

Miss Jean Thexton '17, who is teaching at Birtle, Man., spent

a week in town during the Bonspiel season.

On February 11th the ladies of Sparling Hall very kindly invited as their guests the Alumnæ who were in town, the wives of the Faculty members and the lady members of Faculty. Each graduate on her arrival was "received" by an undergraduate who proved to be her hostess for the evening; thus, with characteristic Wesley spirit each Alumna was made to feel as much at home in a few moments as if she were once more a Junior or Senior in her old Alma Mater. The tables, which were laid in the diningroom and drawing-room, were prettily decorated with Wesley colors and Valentine favors. To the toast proposed to the Alumnæ Mrs. F. D. Barager '17 replied very ably, while Miss M. Robb '15 responded warmly to that of "Our Alma Mater." "How good it seems to be back!" "How kind it was of the girls to invite us!" Such expressions and many similar ones heard on every side testified most heartily to the graduates' appreciation of the thoughtfulness and kindness of those who made such a reunion possible.

On December 31st, at Napinka, Miss Gertrude Bodkin was married to R. C. Parsons '13, who since his return from overseas has been engaged in law at Treherne. There the happy couple are now living. "Vox" extends congratulations and best wishes.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Whittaker, both "Fourteeners," a merry reunion of that class was held. Among those present were: J. A. S. Gardner '14 and Mrs. Gardner, Fred D. Barager '14 and Mrs. Barager '17, W. Banks '14, Mrs. M. S. Lougheed '14, P. J. McKay '14.

#### CURE FOR THE "WEARIES"

I was writing to-day in my study An essay for Dan-i-el C., But my thoughts were wandering idly Over a whole century. What is the blame use of plugging. Staying up late every night? Luell and Ellen and Mona My nerves and my cells do excite. Merely six A's and a medal, Best I am hoping to get: Toiling for exacting teachers, Exams. in spring to be met. Digging and sleeping and eating, Arterial sclerosis and fame; Then in sheer desperation "I thought it through, class" and it came— A sudden resolution to chuck it, And go to the afternoon game. Covered with furs in Arena, Shivering up my backbone, Strange what a calm, restful feeling, Settles upon a mere drone. Ada was working so smoothly, Trying to get us a goal; Ilo with her discontentment Harmonized with my own soul. Whole team in fine scrappy fettle, Checking in strong, snappy style; Banging the boards all to tatters, Chasing the puck a half mile. Sudden an end-to-end rushing; Mandy can not be stopped. Up on my toes in excitement— Into the net that disc flopped. Zowie! A sizzer! A souser! Play for your life there, O girls! Tallies were bulging the net then, Myrtle and Frank are the whirls. Kant says you can if you ought to; Now I can work for Degree. Nothing to banish the blues, boys, Like 'Varsity versus Wesley.

-Rusticus.

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